"When a meal is in progress every stray visitor who looks in for a moment must be offered something, even if it be only a tiny morsel of meat or fat. The man may be exceedingly unwelcome, but his hostess would hardly dare to neglect him for fear of public disapproval; but in such cases the visitor himself will usually decline the food. I tried to conform to their customs as far as possible while I was living in their midst and when cooking rice, for example, [91] would leave a little in the pot for such Eskimos as happened to be present. Often their [sic] would be twenty natives and only one plateful of rice among them all, but everyone, even the smallest child, had to receive a taste of it. (1)"

"1. When living with Ikpakhuak and his family I would take what I wanted of the food, then hand the pot to Higilak to serve her husband. She would set out his portion, and her own with it, then pass round the remainder among the visitors. It was very amusing sometimes to watch her fill the spoon, tell some full-grown man to open his mouth, then cram the spoon and its contents nearly down his throat."

2: Stefansson--229-230 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
574, 609, 117

"May 13. Following Trail of People toward Victoria Island. Started 2:30 P. M. on trail of people leading towards Victoria Island after moving Pannigabluk who did not want to go and then camped east about half mile to some wood. Main trail perhaps two months old and hard to follow, but one new sled track, about two weeks. At about 4:30, some eight miles from our camp came upon a village of houses, which showed by fish spears, etc., that people intended returning. From roof of one house saw with glasses three men, some three miles northwest, sealing evidently. Headed for nearest. Before getting to them, saw a deserted village about in our former course, 320° by compass, some five miles from one first seen. Getting near first man B. and I halted team while T. went ahead to try not to frighten him by all approaching. The man sat on his snow seat bent forward as if watching for seal, occasionally raising his eyes only not his head to T. When T. got within some paces man suddenly stood up, seized an iron snow-knife that lay on the snow beside him, and poised himself as to receive an attack or to be ready to spring forward. This scared T. and he went no nearer, but started to talk. The other never smiled or paid attention for some time repeating monotonously (about twenty times a minute, as often as one breathes) he-ha-ha-ha, etc. Evidently he at first understood nothing of what T. said, but he soon began to. Then he began talking and T. did not understand. T., however, knew from Kalakutak (who was both with Mogg and Klinkenberg) a Victoria Island phrase; i-ly-er-a-nait-tū-ar-al-u-it (they are good)

which he then used, and showed by lifting his coat he had no knife. After about five minutes of parley Igxslirki laid down the knife and soon after began an examination of T.'s clothing, which seemed to satisfy him we were harmless he had probably heard of 'calico' from Victoria Island people. He then told T. to tell B. and me to follow a little way behind while he went along a line of sealers to tell that we were ilyeranaittuaraluit. We came near forgetting to remove our goggles. If we had, I don't think our first meeting with these people would have gone well. The village proved to be southwest about three miles, we had gone past it. [230] When we arrived within a hundred yards of the houses, they asked if we would camp near them, or a little way off on account of the dogs. We preferred to be a little way off and as many as could get at it turned-to to make us a snowhouse. (4)"

"4. [Stefansson's comment, p. 452.] On p. 229 and elsewhere the people who built this Bexley village are called Victoria Islanders. We later learnt that the people most numerous were the Akkuliakattagmiut who may be considered at home when at Bexley. Next in numbers were the Haneragmiut of the Victoria coast west of Simpson Bay and Noahonirmiut of the mainland near the narrows of Dolphin and Union Straits. There were a few representatives of several tribes farther east. The village was a trading rendezvous."

3: Rasmussen--13 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 574, 609

"On the twenty-second of November 1923 we arrived at Malerisiorfik, where the Umingmaktôrmiut had built their camp of snow huts in the shelter of a mountain. There was a terrific snowstorm blowing and although we were greeted with a deafening clamour by the dogs, it was some time before the people could discern us through the billows of snow that washed over our sledges. All the men turned out at once and started to build a large snow hut for us. The women attended to Arnarulúnguaq and led her into their warm dwellings, where they treated her with the most perfect hospitality and also the curiosity due to a woman who speaks the language of the country and yet comes from a village so very far away. As soon as we had moved into our new house -- about an hour later -- all the women came, one after another, and gave us meat or salmon as a gift of welcome. In all modesty we protested against all this food, which gradually became a huge pile on the side platform, but to no avail: no one desired to break the custom of the tribe towards guests who were welcome. This cordiality and helpfulness -- an outcome of their great, inborn hospitality -- did not wear off all the time we were among them."

6: Roberts and Jenness--12 (1914-1916) 1925 Copper Eskimo
116, 533, 574

"The deliberate substitution of words in a song, or the introduction of new phrases and even verses, is a very fertile source of change. It may be done by any singer, but is particularly common in the case of dance-companions. (1) Nearly every Eskimo has in each neighbouring community one or more dance-companions whose duty it is to act as hosts and to give a dance of welcome on the occasion of his visit. The host leads off in the dancing, and frequently modifies his song in order to sing the praises of his guest; the guest has the prerogative of performing the next dance, and feels bound to reciprocate. Many natives express their joy or appreciation in a few spoken words only, but changes in the songs are by no means uncommon, and are much more effective. (2)

"1. For dance-companions, or dance-associates, as they are there called, see Vol. XII, Pt. A., pp. 86-87, 225.

2. This custom is strongly reminiscent of the nith-songs of Greenland, where old enmities and jealousies are fought out in satirical dance-songs. Ultimately both may have had the same origin. At the present time satirical songs are exceedingly rare among the Copper Eskimos, and would hardly be sung in the presence of their victims; but rivalry in song is well established, as is shown by the words of Nos. 51, 78 and 81."

6: Roberts and Jenness--12 (1914-1916) 1925 Copper Eskimo
116, 533, 574, 555

"The Copper Eskimos are constantly paying visits to other communities, and every visit of importance is marked by a dance in which the leading members on both sides take part. Every Eskimo, therefore, whether man or woman, can not only sing and dance, but can even in some measure compose dance-songs. Distinction in this field ranks almost as high as distinction in hunting, for the man who can improvise an appropriate song for any special occasion, or at least adapt new words to an old song, is a very valuable adjunct to the community. Certain individuals naturally possess greater ability than others; their songs become the most popular and spread far and wide. But there are no professional song-makers, no men who make the composition of songs their main business in life." (1)

"1. For dance-companions, or dancing-associates, as they are there called, see Vol. XII, Pt. A., pp. 86-87, 225."

11: Stefansson--172-173 (1908-1902) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 574, 609

"As we proceeded toward the village other seal-hunters gradually converged toward us from all over the neighboring four or five square miles of ice and joined Tannaumirk and his companion, who walked about two hundred yards ahead. As each of these was armed with a long knife and a seal-spear, it may be imagined that the never very brave Tannaumirk was pretty thoroughly frightened--to which he owned up freely that night and the few days next following, though he had forgotten the circumstance completely by next year, when we returned to his own people in the Mackenzie district, where he is now a drawing-room lion on the strength of his adventures in the far east. When we approached the village every man, woman, and child was outdoors, waiting for us excitedly, for they could tell from afar that we were no ordinary visitors. The man whom we had first approached--who that day acquired a local prominence which still distinguishes him above his fellows--explained to an eagerly silent crowd that we were friends from a distance who had come without evil intent, and immediately the whole crowd (about forty) came running toward us. As each came up he could say: 'I am So-and-so. I am well disposed. I have no knife. Who are you?' After being told our names in return and being assured that we were friendly, and that our knives were packed away in the sled and not hidden under our clothing, each would express his satisfaction and stand aside for the next to present himself. Sometimes a man would present his wife, or a woman her husband, according to which came up first. The

women were in more hurry to be presented than were the men, for they must, they said, go right back to their houses to cook us something to eat. [173]

After the women were gone the men asked us whether we preferred to have our camp right in the village or a little outside it. On talking it over we agreed it would be better to camp about two hundred yards from the other houses, so as to keep our dogs from fighting with theirs. When this was decided, half a dozen small boys were sent home to as many houses to get their fathers' snow-knives and house-building mittens. We were not allowed to touch a hand to anything in camp-making, but stood idly by, surrounded continually by a crowd who used every means to show how friendly they felt and how welcome we were, while a few of the best house-builders set about erecting for us the house in which we were to live as long as we cared to stay with them. When it had been finished and furnished with the skins, lamp, and the other things that go to make a snow house the coziest and most comfortable of camps, they told us they hoped we would occupy it at least till the last piece of meat in their storehouses had been eaten, and that so long as we stayed in the village no man would hunt seals or do any work until his children began to complain of hunger. It was to be a holiday, they said, for this was the first time their people had been visited by strangers from so great a distance that they knew nothing of the land from which they came."

11: Stefansson--175 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 574

"Before the house which they immediately built for us was quite ready for our occupancy children came running from the village to announce that their mothers had dinner ready. The houses were so small that it was not convenient to invite all three of us into the same one to eat; besides, it was not etiquette to do so, as we now know. Each of us was, therefore, taken to a different place. My host was the seal-hunter whom we had first approached on the ice. His house would, he said, be a fitting one in which to offer me my first meal among them, for his wife had been born farther west on the mainland coast than any one else in their village, and it was even said that her ancestors had not belonged originally to their people, but were immigrants from the westward. She would, therefore, like to ask me questions."

11: Stefansson--185-186 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 535, 574

"It was near noon of our first day when some one asked me if there were not some way in which the western people celebrated the coming of visitors. I replied that usually all the village gathered in a great dance. That was just their way, my hosts told me, and, seeing that our customs coincided, they would make today a dance-[186] house, as large as if two large tribes had met to trade; we should see how they danced, and possibly we might dance for them, too. The idea was no sooner broached that a dozen youngmen ran off to their various houses to don their house-building coats and mittens and get their snow-knives. By mid-afternoon the dance-house was up, a snow dome nine feet high and large enough to accommodate forty people standing in a circle around a five-foot open space in the center reserved for the dancers."

11: Stefansson--190-191 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 574

"Our reception at this village [JMR: i.e. of the Haneragmiut] differed considerably from that at the one previously visited. We were told by our guide to halt about two hundred yards from the houses. As soon as we stopped, the nine men and boys started slowly toward us, walking abreast, with arms raised above their heads, saying: 'We are friendly; we are as we seem; your coming has made us glad.' By the instructions [191] of our guide we, including himself, stood still, holding our hands above our heads, waiting for the others to approach. When they got within ten yards they stopped and stood in line, while I--still following instructions--walked up to within three paces of the man on the right of the line, stopped, and waited for him to tell me his name, and then told him mine in turn. I then moved to my left down the line, stopping before each, and receiving his name before giving my own. When my introductions were over, Natkusiak similarly presented himself; in the case of our guide there were no formalities. These proceedings had begun with an air of military precision which did not last quite through the ceremony, for the three boys (about ten, eleven, and twelve years old perhaps) broke ranks before I had reached them in my progress down the line, and were later informally introduced by their fathers, while some of the men had begun to talk with me or with our guide before the presentation of Natkusiak was over. There is among these people no custom corresponding to our ceremony of hand-shaking, nor are there any words or set forms of salutation or farewell in their language."

11: Stefansson--204 (1908-1912)1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 574

"In general, we tried to get a man from each party we came upon to accompany us to the next party or village so as to introduce us properly and guard against possible mishap, but when it happened that no one was with us when we came to a village, we always had to go through the formality of standing outside the house until some one could get a little blubber, cut it in pieces, and let each of us swallow one piece. This, as has been explained before, is the ordinary test to determine whether the visitor is human or a spirit, for it is a well-known fact that spirits will not swallow blubber. We found the people everywhere, when this formality was over, uniformly hospitable and glad to see us."

11: Stefansson--264
116, 166, 574

(1908-1912) 1913

Copper Eskimo

"The Eskimo visit about a great deal, and although it is always possible for any to say, 'This is the village of such and such a people,' still you are almost sure to find in any village members of one or more other tribes and generally of several. These visits are sometimes temporary, but commonly a family leaves its own tribe and joins another to be with it a period of a year, returning home at the end of that time, although sometimes the visit is only for a summer. A man who is in need of a new sled or a new bow, but whose own tribe hunts in a woodless country, may, for instance, join for the summer hunt a group that intends to go south to Bear Lake, in order to supply himself with the wood he needs."

11: Stefansson--280 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 609, 574

"The sign was quickly understood in the village, which in its entirety came running to meet us, --men, women, children, and about half of the dogs, while the other half that happened to be tethered howled loudly and plaintively. It was a crowd that I later estimated at considerably over two hundred. The village was large, and as each came from his own house and some were fleeter of foot than others, they did not come upon us in a crowd, but it was only a few minutes until we were completely surrounded so that further progress was impossible. Most if not all of them shouted, talked loudly, and ran holding their arms higher than their heads, opening and closing their hands continually to show they carried no weapon, and saying, 'You need not be afraid of us,' 'We have no knives,' 'We are glad you have come,' and things of that sort."

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sticks that only the white man knew how to manufacture; but even they were not powerful enough to restore his wandering senses. Perhaps my hand would be more efficacious. I laid it on his temple, and saw his eyes rest on me without a gleam of intelligence. Then the madness passed out of them, a pleased smile broke over his countenance, and, quietly turning away, he began a casual conversation with some of the bystanders.

Performances of this kind revealed to me the heart of Eskimo religion. The natives trusted in their medicine-men, and the medicine-men, with rare exceptions, believed themselves gifted with supernatural powers. The spirits that wander unseen came at their bidding and obeyed their commands. At times they came unsummoned, and a man raved on the hill-sides or on the frozen sea where no one beheld his frenzy. Hysteria is peculiarly common around the Polar basin; the long winter darkness and the loneliness and silence of the hunter's life make the Arctic peoples more susceptible to this disorder than the rest of the human race. So religion and hysteria went closely hand in hand.

After measuring all the adults in this village I arranged with a native to guide me to another some forty miles farther west. We had travelled about half a mile when, looking back, I noticed with surprise that a woman was following in our trail. I turned to my

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guide and asked, "Who is this woman, and why does she follow us?" "It's only Snow-Knife's wife," he answered. "She is coming with us to visit her two sisters. Don't trouble about her. She will stay with me throughout our journey, and in the meantime my wife will live with Snow-Knife."

Marriage here was evidently not the institution we are taught to reverence. This woman had openly traded husbands for a few days in order to visit her relatives; and there were times when men seemed to exchange wives without even that excuse. I had read of the custom in books, but its impression was different when it occurred before my own eyes without the least attempt at concealment. It became more intelligible later, with fuller knowledge of their domestic life. The people were not really immoral, for they were doing no wrong according to the standards of life handed down to them through countless generations; and the transfer of wedlock was not made indiscriminately, but according to definite regulations. A man often had wives in half a dozen different tribes, some of whom he saw only once in his lifetime; and the wives had other husbands. But their children were all his children, forbidden to marry one another; and if ever he visited the tribe to which one of his wives belonged he received a cordial welcome, and was free to hunt and seal in its territory like the regular members of the community. A stranger in an Eskimo tribe

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837 A stranger in an Eskimo tribe
609 was a potential enemy who could be killed at sight;
628 but by this system of temporarily exchanging wives the natives could travel in safety from one end of the country to the other.

114 So Mrs. Snow-Knife, or Mrs. Wealthy, as she now became for a few days, accompanied us to the village of the "People of the Land on the Other Side." She arranged the skins and meagre furniture of our snow-huts, tended the lamp, and boiled the seal meat for our
574 evening meal. I witnessed her meeting with her two
593 sisters, one much older than herself, the other a maiden of about fifteen years. She herself rejoiced without effusion; the maiden displayed more interest in the white man's sled than in the sister of whom she had heard nothing for nine months; but the eldest woman sat in her hut and wept copiously throughout the evening. They were typically human in their outlooks, these three sisters dwelling where the midday twilight and the midnight sun follow each other season after season. The young girl was just beginning life and her hopes were all in the future; Mrs. Snow-Knife had been married several years and held both the past and the future in an equal balance; but the eldest woman, though still in the prime of life, bore the stamp of hardship on her face and her mind was already looking backward.

574 The "People of the Land on the Other Side" were
535 too hospitable not to hold the usual dance in our

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honour. They had built no dance-house, and did not possess a drum; but about thirty squeezed into an ordinary dwelling-house eleven feet in diameter, where they banged my frying-pan and sang at the tops of their voices until the snow-ceiling, melting with the warmth of so many human beings, began to drip ice-cold water on our heads. The din and odour were terrific, more than flesh and blood could endure; so, pushing my way through the crowd, I retired to the purity of the outer air and gradually regained my senses.

We remained in this village one day and two nights while I measured all its adult inhabitants. Seal meat was not plentiful, and a longer stay would have left my dogs without food. Moreover, it was not necessary, for I was now formally introduced to the people, and could study them at my leisure when they joined the other two tribes in the Liston and Sutton Islands at the end of the month.

My party on the return journey was increased by three—Wealthy's cousin, whose wife was already at the island village, and two girls, Mrs. Snow-Knife's sister and another, who were bound on the high-road to matrimony. The brides piled everything they owned on top of my sled, which creaked and groaned under the extra load. Luckily their trousseaux were not as formidable as their white sisters', or we should never have reached our journey's end. The average Eskimo

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easily on runners of steel. The Chatterbox and his family, who came next in the line, had abandoned their sled and hitched their dogs to a polar-bear skin that carried all their possessions. Last of all came Parted-Hair's sled, in the same condition as Ikpuck's. The Listener and his wife, too old to make unnecessary journeys, remained at the lake to watch over the meat and fish we had spread out on boulders to dry in the sun.

Twelve miles from the Lake of Dancing we sighted caribou and shot a large bull. We camped beside its carcass, and the women, who had failed to bring stone lamps and blubber, trusting to cook over open fires, searched the ridge-tops for fuel. But the season was less advanced on this side of the divide and vegetation scarcer, so that they found no fuel of any kind, not even the wretched dryad. I boiled a little venison for myself on the primus lamp, but the rest dined quite cheerfully on raw meat. Their tents, too, they had left behind, but they propped up two caribou robes for shelter from the breeze and spread out their sleeping-bags under the open sky. I fell asleep to the murmur of the dance-song they were practising for the meeting with the Tormiat from the Great Sound.

Big Lake, which we reached late the next evening, appeared to be circular in outline and about ten miles in diameter. We camped near its southern end, where we found old camp-sites, although the lake itself was silent and deserted.

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her voice. During brief lulls she complained to Ikpuck that the dogs were keeping his "son" awake. He merely rolled over in his bag and growled sleepily.

She sympathized with me the next day. "Grandfather was incorrigible last night, my adopted son. Did you hear him?" "Yes, Icehouse," I answered. "And I dreamed I heard your voice also. Were you talking?" The old lady laughed merrily. She dearly loved a joke, even at her own expense.

When the storm died away in the early morning Leaf left her shelter to seek some frozen caribou meat for breakfast. Far out on the lake she saw black specks in motion, and borrowed my binoculars to examine them. Her excited shout, "The Tormiat are coming, the Tormiat are coming," awakened the whole camp. We dressed in haste. Jennie, my little "sister," ran forward to meet them and assure them that we were friendly, while the rest of us lined up on the bank overlooking the lake to accord them a formal welcome.

The party drew nearer, and we distinguished two men and one woman, the latter carrying a small baby on her back. Cries of disappointment arose; instead of the thirty or forty visitors we had been expecting, here was only one family. True, a second family arrived a few hours later, but all the other Tormiat had gone far to the north-east, whither it was now impossible to follow them by sled. The wave of disappointment passed quickly, and every one was cheer-

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574 ful again before the strangers reached our camp. We
574 helped them to set up their tent, nibbled some of their
345 frozen seal meat, and hurried away to build a dance-house while the women stayed behind to gossip.

Our dance-house was not the orthodox dome of snow that I had seen in many settlements during the winter, for the roof would have melted and collapsed within twenty-four hours. Instead, we built a circle of snow-blocks three tiers high, and covered it with everything we could lay our hands upon. The rafters were fish-spears and walking-sticks, the roofing the canvas cover of my sled. As the canvas covered no more than half the roof my comrades requisitioned their tent skins to close the gap. They were now without tents again, exposed to any further gales that might arise; so they bundled all their possessions into the dance-house, piled them against the wall each morning, and sorted them out again in the evening at the conclusion of the dancing.

574 For three days we held high revel. All the formal
535 dancing took place on the first day. My people were the hosts, and Icehouse, as the wife of the leading man, had the privilege of opening the ceremony. She performed her dance with much dexterity and grace, far surpassing the leading Tormiat woman, whose angular figure and awkward movements made me think of the puppets in a Punch and Judy show. The other Eskimos followed in the order prescribed by their age

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and party until the official program came to an end. Some of the more elderly natives, wearied with the eight hours' continuous performance, then retired to rest; but the younger kept up the dancing until early morning.

During the two days that followed, gossip and barter divided the hours with informal dances. Our visitors watched me furtively. Only one white man had crossed their lives before, and even he had vanished before they knew him intimately, or could assure themselves that he really came from that far-distant corner of the earth where a great pole props up the sky. They remembered the legend which said that Eskimos, Indians, and white men were originally brothers, their mother a beautiful woman who rejected every suitor until her father's dog, metamorphosed into a handsome young man, visited her and won her love. She herself went down to the ocean floor to preside over the waves, the fish, and the sea mammals; but her children scattered in all directions. Only the Eskimos remained human; the Indians kept their human forms, but became like wild beasts at heart; and the white men degenerated into monsters even in outward appearance.

So the Tormiat followed all my movements with the utmost curiosity. They still thought their legend partly true, and waited expectantly for evidence of my "monstrosity." Icehouse herself, my adopted mother,

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123
829 had scarcely outgrown the same beliefs. She asked more than one strange question about my people. "Was it true that some white men have arms that trail almost to the ground? Did my real mother have hair on her head like Eskimo women?" Not until I had lived with her family for six months, never leaving them for a single day, did she announce as a magnificent discovery, "You white men are just like ourselves." Even then she committed herself to no opinion concerning the "humanity" of white women!

574 The two tribes, having left most of their property
533 at the coast, had little to exchange except songs. A quartet practised inside my tent each evening, Ikpuck and Icehouse teaching the new songs from Dolphin and Union Strait and learning the latest compositions
574 of the Tormiat. Every one was happy until Ikpuck's
837 handsome face struck a responsive chord in the heart of the leading Tormiat woman. She dared not reveal her inclinations while her husband sat by her side, but on the third evening, when he was unexpectedly called from the tent, she leaned forward, ignoring Icehouse and myself, pressed her nose to Ikpuck's and, drawing back, coyly awaited his response. But Ikpuck sat like a graven image, making no sign; and Icehouse veiled her anger under a wan smile. There was silence for an interval. Then footsteps crunched in the snow outside, and the woman, pushing aside the door of the tent, disappeared hastily.

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Ikpuck turned to me. "Did you see her?" he asked. But Icehouse cut short my reply. "The ridiculous creature. She can't dance, she can't even sing, but she's shameless enough to make love to a handsome man like you, Ikpuck. Did you ever see such an uncouth woman?"

Her tirade seemed never-ending. Even Ikpuck wearied of it, though her flattering remarks about his good looks pleased his vanity. The poor woman was passionately fond of her husband, and the incident rankled in her memory for months. Gossiping with others she might mock the high-pitched voice and awkward gestures of her Tormiat rival, but in secret she brooded fearfully. She remembered her earlier widowhood, when her beauty was at its height and Ikpuck had divorced his first wife in order to marry her. They had hoped she would give him a son to sustain him in his old age; but their marriage was fruitless. Now she was growing old. Would he send her also away and take some younger woman who might grant him his heart's desire?

Icehouse had no reason for alarm. Ikpuck reciprocated her affection, and his thoughts never strayed to other fields. The old couple bickered like children, but their petty quarrels only held them more closely together. Every one knew that Icehouse's shrewd tongue concealed a generous heart, and little Knife-Blade, their adopted child, satisfied

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593 Ikpuck's longing for a son. So their home life was complete.

[152] Nevertheless the Tormiat woman disturbed Ice-house's peace of mind. She shrank from remaining in the same camp with her rival, and entreated Ikpuck to lead back our party to the Lake of Dancing. Ikpuck consulted me, and we agreed to depart on the morrow.

574 535 The natives from the Great Sound joined us in a dance of farewell, and we started on the homeward march.

372 The snow was melting everywhere, and the women, skirting the ridges, filled their bags with dryads to cook our evening meal. We wandered along like bees, sipping at every thimbleful of water that collected [137] in the cracked soil. A few pink saxifrages were open-[136] ing out their blossoms, and Lapland longspurs sang gaily all around. My companions laughed and chattered as, marching steadily, we re-entered the Colville Hills. But when we approached a knoll slightly higher than the others Ikpuck raised his voice and wept 765 shrilly. Yonder, on its crest, lay the bleaching bones of his only brother who had died six years before; and of all his family he alone remained. The whole train wailed aloud in sympathy, the hills echoed their cries, and the frightened longspurs crouched silent in the moss. Slowly our gloomy procession trailed past the fatal site; but when it lay far behind us my companions ceased their wailing and filled the air again with cheerful laughter.

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we built our snow-huts last winter; and that other island near it, Ahunga-hungak, which you passed so often with your sled. Long ago, at midsummer when the ice had melted or moved away, some of our people living on Putulik beheld a giant wading across the sea, a giant so tall that his knees stood out above the water and his head seemed to touch the sky. Our people hid in terror among the crags. He landed on Ahunga-hungak, and, seated on its summit, juggled with two rocks that ten men like you and I could hardly move; each time one dropped into his hand a report like a gunshot reached the Eskimos' ears. But our medicine-men, who were more powerful then than they are today, chanted a spell against him. He rose to flee, and in two strides reached the water's edge; but there he fell, and his body changed to a crag. The winds and waves have washed most of it away, but in my childhood we could still see the red belt that encircled his waist. Now that also has disappeared, and only his nose and eyebrows remain. Next winter I will show you his juggling stones, lying on the island's top where he dropped them in his flight."

Soon after this hunting trip, Parted-Hair and his family appeared and pitched their tent beside us. Fortune had not been kind to them, for they had seen no caribou and caught only a moderate quantity of fish. Nevertheless, since they were the visitors, etiquette obliged them to open up their packs and present each

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574 of us with a morsel of dried trout. It may seem
574 strange that such close kinsmen should insist on a
602 formal display of hospitality and goodwill, but Eskimos, like all human beings, are slaves to customs of their own creation.

226 The increasing number of cracks in the ice, and of deep pools round the margins of the lakes, induced Ikpuck and Parted-Hair to adopt another mode of fishing. In place of the hook and sinker on their lines they attached the gleaming tooth of a polar bear, and whenever a fish approached this lure promptly transfixed it with a long-handled trident fitted with three bone barbs. They even waded out into the water and chased the fish back and forth until the survivors escaped under the ice. The latter method was so successful that they often speared in twenty minutes twice as many fish as the rest of us caught in a day;
147 but it required amazing endurance, for their blood almost coagulated at times and their limbs became stiff and black. One could readily account for Ikpuck's rheumatism, though he himself would not have understood the explanation. I noticed that nearly half their catch consisted of salmon-trout, weighing, on an average, only three or four pounds, whereas the salmon-trout that migrate from the sea each year to spawn in lakes nearer to the coast average between eight and ten pounds. Evidently their growth is stunted by permanent imprisonment in fresh water. They

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Eskimos from both sides of the strait, and from the Coppermine River area, flocked to the station to trade before the opening of the sealing season, until their new-born village on the edge of the ice contained nearly a hundred and fifty inhabitants. They remained with us for three weeks, giving no trouble, although we excluded all but Ikpuck's family from the house until nightfall. I tried, with Patsy's assistance, to delve into their religion and to record their ancient traditions; but privacy was impossible and fear of public disapproval sealed their lips. They spent their days in trading with me, or in visiting each other's huts and holding impromptu dances; then, after the white men had put away their note-books and retired to read in their bunks, they gathered around my phonograph and filled the house with song. Although the love of music is inborn, not taught, I had hoped that the sweetness of their voices would kindle an æsthetic glow in the cold, scientific breasts of my companions. But Cox leaped violently from his bed one midnight, and with neither sympathy nor ceremony expelled the belated choristers into the outer darkness.

All the chants they sang for me were either dance-songs or incantations to create fine weather. I asked them for lullabies; they responded with more dance-songs. The mother who rocked her baby to sleep on her back, under the warm fur coat, crooned the same melodies that she shouted in the dance-house to the booming of the drum.

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123 meaning of the flags and tinselled paper that covered the walls and tables of our hut. But when they opened their "stockings," filled to the brim with chocolate cakes, needles, thread, and enough cloth to make each of them a dress, their eyes nearly burst from their sockets and their joy pealed forth in uncontrollable laughter.

Guests are indispensable for a perfect Christmas, and ours, though unheralded, were none the less wel-
• 574 come. Two half-civilized Eskimos and their wives
437 from the hinterland of Hudson Bay, hearing that white men had settled in Dolphin and Union Strait, journeyed four hundred miles to visit us and to barter their furs for ammunition, tea, and tobacco. They arrived two days before Christmas, and left us the day following it to return to their country; but on Christmas evening they thanked us for our hospitality by holding a dance in the kitchen. The only drum we could muster was an aluminum frying-pan with a hard, penetrating note, which our visitors pounded nobly as they pranced round the room, chanting a monotonous refrain. Jennie and her companion thought the music rather strange, and seemed relieved when the concert ended. As for ourselves, while we greatly appreciated the goodwill of our guests, we kept the door wide open and expedited their retirement with a liberal present of tobacco.

225 After Christmas, Patsy and I returned to the Eski-

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Musk-ox land and restore him without delay, whole in body and untouched in heart. "Men are so foolish with women," she added, noting his tolerant smile.

Four of us, then, The Runner, Girling, Patsy, and myself, piled our belongings upon a sled and turned our faces eastward. Close to Locker Point, we reached a village of the Coppermine River natives, where signs of starvation confronted us on every side. The women, sheltered behind low walls of snow, were fishing for tom-cod to replace the seals their husbands could not catch; the lamps burned low in many of the huts, or were extinguished from lack of oil; and the hungry children gathered round our tent to beg for food. During the two days we stayed in their village we invited as many as we could to share our meals; but when they uncovered our sled in the darkness, broke into a box of hard biscuits, and emptied twenty-five pounds of rice into their mittens, we brushed the snow of their settlement from our shoes and resumed the interrupted march.

Our next stopping-place was a small settlement near the mouth of Tree River, a hundred miles farther east. The inhabitants turned out as usual to greet us, and after the first salutations, an elderly man, who appeared to be the leader of the band, invited us to enter his hut. There his daughter, a young woman about twenty years of age, was skilfully flensing a freshly killed seal. Her greasy clothes, dishevelled hair, gory arms, and

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face besmirched with blood and blubber from the titbits she slipped into her mouth, made a somewhat unattractive picture to our European eyes, though the Eskimos thought it charmingly homelike. But as soon as she finished her task she washed with snow, dried her face and hands with a ptarmigan skin, braided her hair, and changed into a neat suit of brown caribou fur adorned with red and white insertion. In this new setting she shone with quite a different radiance; for her face, though almost circular, was so regular, and her complexion so fresh and clear, that even the blue tattoo lines with which all the Eskimo women in this country marred their faces only added piquancy to her charms. If Girling had consented to carry out his missionary duties we would certainly have christened her the "Boreal Venus."

These natives had been in close contact with Anderson's party during the summer and regarded all white men with the greatest respect. When they learned that we intended to stay with them for a few days they renovated an empty hut for our use and equipped it with a stone lamp, which the women supplied with oil and tended night and morning. They, too, like the people we had just left, had suffered from starvation for several weeks; but now their hunters were killing more seals, and as the days lengthened they looked confidently forward to a season of plenty. Their leader and his wife almost embarrassed us with hospitality.

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• 574 123 We visited him every evening, listened to his adventures at the sealing-ground, watched him re-enact each little drama inside the hut, and brandish his harpoon over imaginary seal-holes. His wife overhauled our clothing, and placed our hut on her distribution list for a daily ration of meat. Day or night, they welcomed us in their home like their own children, and—what gave us the most pleasure—looked for no recompense; indeed, they seemed quite surprised when at parting we offered them a few small gifts from our scanty store.

177 Several miles east of their settlement was a pyramid four feet square at the base and twelve feet high, built of flattish slabs of limestone and sandstone interspersed with boulders of diabase and granite. A vertical slab of limestone rather more than a foot long, that projected above a horizontal one three times that length, formed at the top a cross visible from a distance of three or four miles. The Runner told us that white travellers had constructed the monument long before he was born—Sir George Simpson's people, we discovered later, when they were weather-bound in this place in 1839. If they left any other record of their visit it was concealed inside the pyramid, which, of course, we did not dismantle; but wedged between two of the outer stones was a board from a biscuit box stamped "Canadian Arctic Expedition," with a date, "September, 1915," written in pencil underneath.

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Being sorely in need of kindling we carried away the board on our sled, and congratulated ourselves on not having to cut shavings of wet driftwood at the end of the day's march, when our fingers were always freezing from cold and exhaustion. The matter passed entirely from my memory, along with other trivial incidents of the journey, until it was mentioned at the station a few weeks later. Then the storm of indignation that burst over my head dumbfounded me. Whose, after all, was the greater vandalism? Mine to destroy with fire the record of my enterprising colleagues, or theirs to mar with an unseemly biscuit box the enduring monument of a gallant explorer?

From the monument we struck north-east until we came to a deserted village of forty snow-huts, representing a population of perhaps 140. The inhabitants had divided into two bands, one travelling north-east, the other north-west, to different sealing-grounds. We followed the latter's sled-trails, partly because they were more numerous, partly also to escape the east wind against which we had struggled all the way from Bernard Harbour. Not a soul was visible as we drove up to the new village through the driving snow; even the dogs, drowsing in the passageways, failed to notice our arrival. The Runner shouted and disappeared into the first hut, to emerge a moment later with a smiling youth whom he introduced to me as his brother. Then the dogs began to howl, people came tumbling out from

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574 123 all directions, and the whole band of the Musk-ox tribe surrounded us, every household vying with the others in offering us hospitality. Girling went to one house, Patsy and I to another, and The Runner lodged with his brother.

602 This "brother" puzzled me. If Icehouse had only one son, as I had always understood, why did The [597] Runner call the man his brother? Of course, he might [601] be an adopted son like myself, but the Eskimos usually distinguished an adopted kinsman by adding a special suffix to the term of relationship. The mystery was [837] soon explained. A quarter of a century earlier Ice- [851] house's first husband had met the young man's father in this region and established a permanent relationship with him by a temporary exchange of wives. Although the youth was not born until three or four years afterward, The Runner considered him a true brother from whom he could claim all a brother's [123] rights and privileges; and I, though a stranger and a white man, was his adopted brother, with a similar claim to his friendship and help.

572 574 When the villagers gathered for a dance that evening The Runner found still another connection. A Musk-ox man and his wife hailed him as their "dancing-companion," declaring that he had filled that rôle for them many years before when they were visiting Dolphin and Union Strait. In virtue of this relationship they claimed the right to extend the village's

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official welcome, and danced in front of him, interspersing their songs with impromptu speeches to express their delight at his visit. The Runner, who had the prerogative of dancing next, made a suitable reply, saying how glad he had been to accompany his "white brother" on this journey and to meet once more his old acquaintances of the Musk-ox land. The whole ceremony resembled the joyous reunion of long-separated friends. As he remarked to me afterward, when the gathering dispersed, "It is good to establish dancing-companions in every tribe, for then you are sure of a welcome wherever you travel."

The cheerfulness of the villagers amid their hardships aroused our admiration. On Victoria Island the Eskimos with whom I had wandered frequently fasted for twenty-four and even forty-eight hours. The experience was no novelty in their lives; they merely tightened their belts, trudged steadily forward a dozen or fifteen miles, and said smilingly, "If we sight no caribou today we will tomorrow; or, if not tomorrow, certainly the day after." It was summer then, and our tents were comfortable even without fires. But in this village the winter gales were raging, the temperature fluctuating between 25 and 45 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and ill-luck had been trailing the natives for several weeks. The hunters had searched for seals in the fiercest blizzards until every man's face was scarred with frost-bites, but the number

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731 they had captured hardly sufficed to keep them alive.
[225] Now their strength was impaired by starvation, their huts cold from lack of oil in the lamps. One or two families, driven by hunger, had even eaten the dry
[152] sealskin cases of their bows. Perhaps it was the nearness of spring that buoyed up their courage, for none of them showed despondency or gloom, despite their
[574] pinched faces and empty cooking-pots. Indeed, they seemed more distressed by their apparent inhospitality, for several of our visitors apologized at being unable to offer us the usual presents of meat.

[225] We stayed with them three days, and each morning the men left early for their hunting-grounds, although, half blinded by the snow-clouds, they could find few
114 seal-holes and captured not a single seal. Our own supplies were running dangerously low; we had full rations for three days only, and the return journey to Bernard Harbour required at least a week. So we reloaded our sled and struck southward to the mainland, hoping to find game of some description as we skirted the coast.

[132] Our departure marked the beginning of even worse weather, for the temperature dropped lower still, and the wind, which had blown in our faces throughout the eastward march, now swung round to smite us from the west. That first day's journey to the mainland tried us all severely, and though I perhaps suffered most—my health being far from good at this period—